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White Lotus Day

BY RICHARD G. TYLER

ON the eighth of May, thirty-five years will have passed since H. P. B. laid aside her pain-ridden body and left her beloved Society in other and younger hands. Each year, with the approach of this day kept in her memory, our thoughts turn with reverent gratitude toward that great soul who brought us the Light and whose work made possible such rapid progress in the search for truth as is ours in this incarnation.

We frequently have heard the expressions of our leaders and those who knew her, stating their impressions of, and experiences with her. It may be of interest also, to note the growing appreciation in which she is held by non-Theosophists, an appreciation which will undoubtedly continue to increase as her statements in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere are gradually verified by science. An example of this interest is found in *The Great Secret* by Maurice Maeterlinck. In referring to the Hodgson incident, he says:

"I need not here pass judgment on this enigmatical woman from the ethical point of view. It is undoubtedly the fact that the report of Dr. Hodgson, who was sent out to India in 1884 by the Society for

Psychical Research especially to conduct an inquiry into her case, reveals her in a somewhat unfavorable light. Nevertheless, after considering the documentary evidence, I must admit that it is after all quite possible that the highly respectable Dr Hodgson may himself have been the victim of trickery more diabolical than that which he believed himself to have unmasked."

Later, in discussing her writings, he continues:

"*Isis Unveiled*, *The Secret Doctrine*, and the rest of Madame Blavatsky's very numerous works, form a stupendous and ill-balanced monument, or rather a sort of colossal builder's yard, into which the highest wisdom, the widest and most exceptional scholarship, the most dubious odds and ends of science, legend and history, the most impressive and most unfounded hypotheses, the most precise and most improbable statements of fact, the most plausible and most chimerical ideas, the noblest dreams, and the most incoherent fancies are poured pell-mell by inexhaustible truckloads. There is in this accumulation of material a considerable amount of waste and fantastic assertions which one rejects *a priori*; but it must be admitted, if we in-

tend to be impartial, that we also find there speculations which must rank with the most impressive ever conceived. . . . We also find in it some excellent and comprehensive tabulations in which occult knowledge is confronted by modern science and often seems, as we must admit, to excel or outstrip the latter. Many other things, too, we find in it, thrown together at random, but by no means deserving the contempt with which we have for some time professed to regard them."

These statements, while far from enthusiastic and unstinted in their praise, are yet indicative of the fairer way in which the work of H. P. B. is being examined and studied, now that the principles she taught have, by infiltration, permeated the whole of contemporary thought. But his comment is by no means free from criticism, for later in speaking further of her writings and those of her successors, he remarks that, ". . . they build only in the clouds, and their gratuitous assertions, incapable of proof, seem to rain down thicker and thicker on every page."

It is undoubtedly desirable, whenever possible, to support arguments or statements by proofs and the quoting of authorities, to sift all the evidence carefully and subject it to a "strict historical and philological criticism," but Maeterlinck here admits that he does not grasp the fundamental difference between the writings of occultists such as H. P. B. and those of orientalists like Max Müller. The latter is exoteric and free from any occult importance or objective, while the former has, among other objects, at least two very definite reasons for not trying to give proofs for each statement made. In the first place, she wished to give out certain advance information for which science had not yet brought forward adequate proofs; and secondly, she wished to develop intuition in her readers by presenting material somewhat beyond their present comprehension, but which would invite their earnest study so that in reaching upward in an attempt to understand, they might bring the intuition into play. So she had no desire to prove many of her statements, and would not explain some of them, but left the

student to work them out in his own way. Such has always been the occult method. The pupil is never forced intellectually to accept, but is given an opportunity to study and to awaken his faculties of perception.

The very antagonism which H. P. B. provoked was a testimonial of her greatness. One cannot be indifferent to a great soul. The power which pours through them vivifies whatever qualities are outstanding in the characters of those with whom they mingle, and these find self-expression in action. So we find, grouped around her, both those who opposed and those who loved and cooperated with her. And among the latter there are some whom we would remember also on White Lotus Day. Among these may be mentioned her faithful co-workers: Colonel Olcott, William Quan Judge, Alfred Percy Sinnett, the Countess Wachmeister, and others who have passed on to other fields of work. Much do we owe these great souls who labored when the struggle was even more difficult than it is now, and it is a beautiful custom which is universally observed in Theosophical Lodges to meet on the eighth of May each year to do homage to them.

For the help of the newer Lodges, it might be well to state those things which are always included in the White Lotus Day program. At H. P. B.'s request, the passage from the second book of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, beginning, "Thou grieveest for those, . . ." is read as is also the story of the mustard seeds from *The Light of Asia*. "The Theosophical Ideal," which begins, "A clean life, an open mind, . . ." is always included, together with suitable remarks concerning those of our leaders who have passed out of the physical body, as above mentioned. Some Lodges have a candle lighting ceremony for these, somewhat as in the Krotana Ritual, while others pay tribute in other ways. But always there are flowers and music and thoughts and words which give expression to the love and appreciation which fills our hearts; words joyous and not sad, since death on the physical plane but opens the gateway to greater usefulness.

H. P. Blavatsky

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TODAY is White Lotus Day, or Commemoration Day of H. P. Blavatsky. The 8th of May is the day of her departure from her body, and has been called "White Lotus Day." Just why I am unable to say. It is thought by some that it might have been better to have chosen her birthday for this universal banding together in her memory, but be that as it may, it is not intended to be a day of lamentation. H. P. B. herself would have screamed out against any such absurdity. Equally would she, it is thought, have cried out against any attempt at making such a gathering an occasion for pietism or hero-worship, as you will see later on. Let us make it a time of keeping clean the memory of the links of the chain, a day of history-making of those who are yet comparatively the few, but who will ere long be the great majority of our Theosophical Fellowship.

The powerful, strongly-marked face of the co-founder of the T. S. is familiar to many, as her portrait is to be found in most of the Society's meeting rooms, but how few know the story of her life? No one knows it fully, for it is nowhere completely recorded, save in the imperishable memory of nature, wherein the history of every life is preserved. Several books, however, have been written about Madame Blavatsky, and from them I give the following outline of her life.

Helena Petrovna Hahn was born at Ekaterinoslow in the south of Russia, August 12, 1831. Her father, Colonel Hahn, who belonged to a noble family coming from Mecklenburg, Germany, was an officer in the Russian army, and her mother, Helene Fadeef, who attained fame as an authoress, was the daughter of Princess Dolgorousky, and so came of one of the oldest Russian aristocratic families. This baby, whose career meant so much to the T. S., was born in the night between July 30 and 31 (according to the Russian calendar); a feeble little infant which was not expected to live. The parents decided it must be baptized at once, so all preparations were made for this important ceremony. The whole household was assembled, everyone being provided with a burning taper which had to be held during the service. A little girl, the child-aunt of the baby, who was in the front row, grew

very tired and settled on the floor. The sponsors were just in the act of renouncing the Evil One and his deeds when they discovered the robes of the priest had caught fire from the little girl's taper, and the poor old man was severely burned. This was considered by the superstitious servants to be a bad omen, and a troubled and eventful life was predicted for Helena Hahn.

Contrary to expectations the baby lived and grew up, although for many years her health was delicate. She was very lively and a good rider. At fifteen years of age she could control any

Cossack horse (a Cossack horse is generally considered to have a will and way of its own, but so had she). She was daring, full of humor, with a passionate love for everything unknown and mysterious, and a craving for independence and freedom of action.

The child's nurses were familiar with, and believed in all of the legends relating to the fairies and goblins, and they were persuaded that Helena had some touch with the unseen world. Before Helena was eleven her mother died, and she was taken to live with her grandmother, Princess Dolgorousky, at Saratow, where she spent five years. The house was an old, rambling, castle-like place with subterranean passages and weird nooks and corners, and there was a park which joined

onto the deep forest, full of shadows and somber paths. She was told many legends about the old place which only quickened her love of the mysterious—which already was so strong a trait in her character. She heard the voice of every object and form, and talked with the birds and animals, and had means of her own for understanding them. The house contained stuffed seals, crocodiles, etc. She would get a group of younger children together, seat herself on a huge stuffed seal and tell them stories which she imagined, and which sometimes frightened the children. Her power for story-telling was remarkable, as she seemed to live in the events she was describing.

At a very early age, Helena was aware of a Protector, invisible to all but herself, a man of imposing appearance, whose features never changed—and whom she met in after life as a living man. This Guardianship never forsook her. When she was quite small a surprising adventure

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H. P. BLAVATSKY



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Wheaton Reaffirmed

RECENTLY some new offers of Headquarters sites were called to the attention of the Board of Directors. These were large residence buildings in Chicago, one on La Salle Avenue and the other on East Ontario Street. The chief points urged in their favor were that they would cost less than the proposed building at Wheaton and would be in the midst of a great population where our library would be available to large numbers of people. It was thought that the more expensive of the two could be bought for about \$75,000.

The matter was placed before the Board of Directors with the result that the former decision to build at Wheaton was reaffirmed. Some of the reasons brought out were: that the buildings offered for sale are inadequate to house the Headquarters activities properly; that reconstructing an old building to give the needed room is seldom satisfactory; that the difference between the costs is not sufficient to warrant the acceptance of an old building in place of a new one made to order for our particular purposes; that the legitimate work of a

National Headquarters is correspondence with Lodges, superintendence of the work of organizing the country, publication of theosophical books and magazines, etc., none of which has any necessary relationship to a large local population; that our national library is designed for the use of all persons seeking accurate information on Theosophy — authors, magazine writers, students of philosophy, or others — and is not intended to take the place of the reading rooms that all local Lodges should maintain for the adjacent population; that the best environment for such a library is a suburban location where those who are likely to use it will find the quiet so helpful for study for a few days or a few weeks, as the case may be; that we will soon establish a training school for class teachers and lecturers, and a summer school for all members and their friends, and that a country site is more desirable for such activities; that our original site of nearly ten acres, just outside the town of Wheaton, which has been increased by gifts of adjoining lands that now bring the area up to about fifteen acres, gives room for expansion that may be very necessary in the future, and that it can be gradually converted into a beautiful park that will perfectly serve every practical and esthetic purpose of our future work and make a very dignified and appropriate setting for our proposed Headquarters Building.

The Building Fund

SINCE the last number of THE MESSENGER went out with the suggestion in these columns that all Lodges begin to discuss the pro rata plan of raising the money necessary to enable us to be ready for Dr. Besant to lay the cornerstone of our Headquarters Building in August, our bookkeepers have prepared an analysis of the whole matter. From this it appears that the amount required in pledges works out for the three-year period at twenty-one dollars per member. That does not look like a very formidable undertaking — an average of only seven dollars a year. *It is actually less than two cents a day.*

The important thing just now is not the money but the pledges. Plans are ready for financing the project just as soon as

we have the pledges in hand, and the great hurry is because we want to make absolutely certain that the cornerstone can be laid by Dr. Besant in August. Headquarters is asking some member in each Lodge to see to getting the pledges signed up, but it is not always an easy matter to find such a representative. Any member who is willing to help should let it be known. This is a theosophical opportunity.

Every member should have some part in building our new home. Let us try to make it a one hundred per cent membership affair—let every member at least give something.

As a monthly magazine is too slow for the fast work that must be done in getting the pledges, a little weekly *Building Fund Bulletin* will be issued during the pledge campaign, a bundle being sent to each Lodge weekly for distribution.

The Convention

THERE is every indication that the attendance at the annual Convention this year will be very large—possibly double previous attendance or more. In nearly every city visited on the present tour, from Los Angeles to New York, and back through the large cities of the middle states, Lodges are talking of a special car for their delegations. It appears that a special sleeping car can be had without any extra cost for a maximum of eighteen passengers. Special arrangements can also be made for vegetarian menus, but American dining cars now have such a variety of food that it may be unnecessary. There will, of course, be no difficulty this year about securing the necessary number of certificates to get a half-fare returning from Chicago after Convention. It is fortunate that we are able to get a Convention hall with two thousand seats, for the indications are that we shall need them. Also the rush for hotel reservations is such that only the word "enormous" is adequate to describe it in comparison with previous Conventions. Those who delay may be disappointed. It is, of course, a very great advantage to be in the building where all Convention activities are, and thus be independent of traffic jams and the weather, and be sure of missing nothing important.

The unprecedented attendance indicated is not in the least surprising. Dr. Besant has not been in the United States for seventeen years. Moreover, Mr. Krishnamurti will be with her. It is a most unusual opportunity—an event that may well call to Chicago a very large percentage of our membership.

Dr. Besant's Tour

JUST as rapidly as authentic news about Dr. Besant's visit to this part of the world is available, it will be published in THE MESSENGER; but it is worse than useless to announce things prematurely. Considerable inconvenience may be caused by Lodges acting on inadequate information. Inquiries are being made for exact dates in the cities she will probably visit, so that other events can be made to fall into their proper relationship; but only *tentative* dates can be named until hall contracts have actually been made. Some general information, however, can now be given.

All arrangements will be made under a single management for the entire tour. When Dr. Besant was last here in 1909 local Lodges managed things. The result was an occasional good audience but oftener very poor ones. There was no systematic publicity work, and the halls were whatever the Lodges could find—sometimes too small and sometimes preposterously large. The advertising seldom corresponded to the hall capacity, and naturally there were some grotesque results. This time it will be done differently. The local Lodges will doubtless be pleased to know that the central management will relieve them of all responsibility of hall renting and advertising. They can sit back this time and enjoy the show without a thing to do beyond looking very carefully after the welfare and personal comfort of the President and her party, for the one or two or possibly three days' stay in their city.

It is obvious that Dr. Besant's movements must depend much upon the dates at which suitable halls can be had. Subject to that, she will probably go to Vancouver immediately after Convention, via St. Paul, Minneapolis, Spokane, and Seattle; southward to Los Angeles, via Portland and San Francisco; eastward, via Salt Lake, Denver,

Dallas, Houston, New Orleans, Atlanta, the larger cities of the middle states, and Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York in the east; but it must be remembered that it is all tentative and may have to be somewhat changed.

Some enthusiastic members asked if Convention halls seating from five thousand to twelve thousand would not be taken. It does not seem at all probable that that will be done anywhere. A more likely thing will be halls with a capacity of from twelve hundred to three thousand. There are many things to be considered, and one of them is the tremendous physical strain of speaking continuously to very large audiences. What Dr. Besant will do in the way of meetings for members is a matter that only she can determine. The best plan is to expect little or nothing besides the public lectures and then be thankful for anything else there may be. At the Convention, of course, there will be meetings for members, and everything else will be pushed out of the way for all that she is willing to give us during those five days.

As soon as hall dates are positively secured, the Lodges in those cities will be immediately notified by mail, and in the June number of *THE MESSENGER* will be published the itinerary as far as it is by that time definitely determined.

The Danger Line

OUR Lodges should be warned against the danger of pushing lecturers too hard. It is natural enough for each Lodge to think only of the opportunities that a national lecturer can have in that city, and of the great need of utilizing every chance to get Theosophy before the public; but it is quite possible to overdo it and also to exaggerate the importance of getting our lecturers before clubs and other gatherings. A lecturer who is giving six or seven lectures a week to good-sized audiences, and an equal number of Lodge talks while traveling hard, is working close to the line of human endurance, and a few extra odd-time engagements may easily push him over the line into complete uselessness, at least temporarily. That is a pity when the extras are of very small importance, as is frequently the case. When the audience is

very small or is composed largely of those who are already in agreement with us, is it worth the risk? My own experience with such organizations as the Rotary, the Lions, etc., has led me to the belief that it is rarely worth the effort. They always have a business session that takes much time, some song and story artists for recreation, and when the theosophical speaker is finally reached he has eight or ten minutes when he should have a minimum of fifteen to make a really worth-while presentation. In going and coming, and waiting through the long program, he has spent a couple of hours to get a chance to give them a very inadequate understanding of the philosophy.

A lecturer greatly dislikes to refuse to speak when requested and so is easily persuaded to go beyond the point where he should stop, and the difficulty is increased by the fact that it is not easy to estimate one's own endurance. Recently, when I was on tour a couple of weeks behind one of our popular lecturers and declined an extra engagement, the member who had suggested it said smilingly, "Why, the lecturer who was here recently takes on everything." To which I replied, "Yes, and he is now in bed trying to recover from it!" That was literally true, and later on in the tour he had to cancel engagements in several cities.

Great desire to have a lot of work done in one's vicinity is quite all right, but the danger line should never be forgotten. Enthusiasm is a real asset in any work, but unless it is balanced with cool judgment it may result in more harm than good. Of course, if a lecturer says he wants all the engagements you can get for him, then he alone is responsible. My own experience, however, has been occasionally that some enthusiastic member actually makes an extra engagement on the assumption that of course a Theosophist takes every opportunity!

Among the Lodges

AS one moves about the country from city to city, it is increasingly evident that more life is flowing through the Lodges. The peculiar phenomenon of members coming and going — of a constantly changing membership while the number remains

about the same — continues everywhere as it has done since I first came in contact with the Society in Los Angeles in 1903. That Lodge has just about the same number of members that it had then, but I can almost count on the fingers of one hand those who were then members. And thus, everywhere, they come and go; but the membership is more alive today than I have ever seen it. Whereas attractive Lodge rooms used to be very rare they are common today, while there is a steadily growing list of Lodges that have acquired property or taken long leases and are beautifying the Lodge rooms. In many places, now, one sees the reproduction of the beautiful portrait of the President of the Society and it fairly lights up the room. Other touches of color in curtains and drapery have helped

to add an air of cheerfulness that is effective and impressive.

Treasurer Schwarz Coming

FROM Mr. Jinarajadasa comes the information that Mr. A. Schwarz, Treasurer of the Theosophical Society, will visit the United States while en route from Adyar to his home-land, Switzerland. Mr. Schwarz is one of the long-time residents at Adyar and has played a prominent role in its development. He is making a vacation journey via Java, Australia, America, and various European nations. Some of our Lodges, as well as Headquarters, may be fortunate enough to have a call from him as he passes through the United States.

L.W.R.

Our Visit to Australia

LETTER No. 1 — BY GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

WE certainly did not expect when leaving Europe for India in November last, in the company of Dr. Besant and other friends, that India would prove but a stepping-stone to Australia. Indeed, we had made all arrangements for our return to Europe in the middle of February, even to the taking of the necessary tickets. Fortunately, while man proposes, the Gods sometimes graciously dispose; and just as we were about to make arrangements for our return journey, Bishop Leadbeater very kindly expressed the wish that we should visit him in his home, if possible accompanying him back. The opportunity was, of course, too good to lose, and, with our beloved President's full permission and approval, we were able to arrange the visit. It is always a privilege for a Theosophist to visit the great theosophical centers. We had already been privileged to know Huizen, Ommen, and Adyar. Naturally, we were very anxious to know the great center over which Bishop Leadbeater presides; and there remains Ojai.

Accordingly, on January 28 a very large party left Adyar for Sydney, arriving in Colombo on January 30, and leaving the same night. The *Otranto*, the Orient Line's new oil-burning vessel of 20,000 tons, is a most comfortable ship, and everything was done on board to make us comfortable and to cater for our vegetarian appetites. The journey was a very pleasant one in so pleasant a company, and was fortunately smooth. An interesting episode between Colombo and Fremantle was the dropping over of a large barrel for the staff of the cable and wireless stations on Cocos Islands. The barrel contained, amongst other things, provisions and, thanks to some of

our people, Theosophical and Star literature, including Bishop Leadbeater's latest works on Masonry. Who knows whether we shall not, on our return journey, find quite a Theosophical and Star colony in that lonely place? On the 8th of February we reached Fremantle, and were greeted there by a band of members, who took us to Perth and gave us the warmest of welcomes. A number of us spoke to those who had assembled, and we spent there a very enjoyable day. On the 11th we reached Adelaide, to be received with similar brotherliness, while on the 15th we reached Melbourne. Two days the vessel remained here, and advantage was taken of Bishop Leadbeater's presence to have the E. S. room duly consecrated in Masonic style by him, and to hold a reception and a questions and answers meeting. On the 16th evening we left for Sydney, reaching our destination on the early morning of the 18th, where there was a gathering of members to receive us, though the majority, at the request of Bishop Leadbeater, had deprived themselves of the pleasure of welcoming back their leader in order to attend the usual Church service which takes place every Thursday.

I cannot say that we were sorry to leave the ship, although the voyage had been most pleasant, and we were all very happy to be home again. My wife and I are the fortunate guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay, who, as many already know, are, in a most hospitable country, the apotheosis of that hospitality. The name of their charming home is "Myola," which, I believe, means a meeting place, and, indeed, it is such, for Mrs. Mackay keeps open house, and allows everyone to do exactly as he pleases. In the afternoon of the

18th we paid our first visit to the "Manor," the home of Bishop Leadbeater and of a large group of fellow-workers and pupils, about fifty in number, I am told. I am afraid it is impossible to describe the "Manor." It follows no known plan of architecture, and can only be compared, if the members of the household will pardon the comparison, to a rabbit-warren. It is very easy to lose oneself there, and it takes some time to find out on what floor one happens to be for the moment. One walks in from the street straight on to what would appear to be the ground floor, and one finds oneself in some mysterious way on the first floor. Going below the level of the street, as it were, into the bowels of the earth, one finds oneself in what is called the basement, and a very beautiful basement it is, with the Chapel there in all its beauty. What impressed me generally was the dignity of the "Manor," and the beautiful influence radiating from the "Manor's" heart, Bishop Leadbeater's stately copper-lined room, which, when I entered the first time, was adorned by the most interesting member of the "Manor" household, a majestic and enormous cat, to whom, being a devotee of cats, I paid instant and heartfelt homage.

I must leave for another occasion a more detailed description of this wonderful house. I have not yet had time to drink it in or to appreciate it as I know I shall do more and more. Suffice it for the present to say that it is a most inspiring center, and very fortunate are those privileged to dwell in it under the wonderful guidance of our Elder Brother.

On Saturday, February 20, there was a reception at the "Manor," to Bishop Leadbeater and to those of us who had returned with him. We were, as usual, most warmly received by the assembled friends. After a loving introduction of us from Bishop Leadbeater himself, he announced that he was endeavoring to obtain our President's permission for me to be proposed to the Australian section as a candidate for election to the General Secretaryship for the ensuing year; Mrs. Ranson, the present very able and much appreciated General Secretary, having to vacate her post at Easter. I have heard it said that there is a tendency for people who come to Sydney to remain there. People who are caught in the Sydney net do not escape so very easily, mainly, I imagine, for the simple reason that they are only too thankful to have been caught. Well, we shall see what the President says. In the evening of the same day, there was a reception at the Sydney Lodge, No. 404, at which Illus. Bros. Kollerstrom, Arundale, and myself were received with full honors. If I may use a very unvegetarian expression, I have a very large bone to pick with V. Illus. Bro. Leadbeater. I only agreed to the official welcome on the assumption that it was mainly intended for Bishop Leadbeater and that we simply shared it. To my horror, just as we were about to be received, I found that Bishop Leadbeater was already inside the Lodge, and had avoided the reception. It was too late to do anything, but my sense of hierarchical order and precedence received a shock. We had the privilege of introduction to the R.W.M. by Bishop Leadbeater himself,

who said all kinds of gracious things about us and won us a warm welcome from the assembled Brethren. I only hope we shall be able to live up to the reputation that has gone before us, but it will be distinctly a difficult task.

On Sunday, the 21st, we had the very great joy of attending the celebration of Mass in the Church of St. Alban. What a beautiful Church it is, and how wonderful the atmosphere of it. We were immensely impressed, again largely by the rich dignity of it all, and by the strong permeating sense of reverent, buoyant joy. The Presiding Bishop celebrated, attended by quite a number of priests and acolytes. The service was very beautiful and happy, and I could not help feeling what a privilege it was for Sydney and for the rest of this great continent to have so magnificent a center for the outpouring of beneficent force. There was quite a large congregation. The singing was of a high order, and the fine organ was played very beautifully by Professor A. Ranclaud. It takes a long time to get to the Church from the "Manor," for one has to go in by ferry steamer across the harbor, which takes half an hour, and then there is at least another quarter of an hour by tram or by taxi to get to the Church, which adjoins the Co-Masonic Temple. But it is well worth it, and I hope some day Sydney will wake up to the knowledge of what she has in her midst. In the evening of the same day we had the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, the service again being taken by Bishop Leadbeater. Before the service I gave an address on "Enthusiasm," and found speaking delightfully easy to a very sympathetic congregation in a most inspiring atmosphere.

On Monday afternoon, the 22nd, we paid our first visit to the world-famous Amphitheater, a great memorial to the energy and enthusiasm of the former National Representative for Australia, my good friend, Dr. Mary E. Rocke. I do not suppose that it is necessary for me to describe this fine Amphitheater. You may have seen pictures of it in its plain dignified simplicity, and you know of its wonderful setting on the seashore in Sydney Harbor, looking towards the harbor's massive entrance out into the ocean beyond. Let us hope it will not be long ere it is put to the use for which it has been built. A very large gathering can be accommodated there, and it is clear that the voice need be but very little lifted to reach the farthest limits.

On Monday evening we were privileged to attend the usual weekly household meeting at the "Manor," held in the room where the "Manor" meetings usually take place. After a prayer had been recited by Dr. J. J. van der Leeuw, questions were invited and our Bishop spoke to us on the nature of the Hindu service which Krishnaji and some of his Indian friends have established at Adyar. An article on this subject is appearing in *The Theosophist*, I believe, and also in the *Liberal Catholic*, and I very strongly advise you to read it and to compare the description of the effects of the Hindu service with those of the Liberal Catholic service which you will find in Bishop Leadbeater's *Science of the Sacraments*.

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H. P. Blavatsky

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befell her. She wished to inspect closely a picture which hung high on the wall with a curtain in front of it. She was forbidden this by her elders. When the coast was clear she dragged a table to the wall, placed a small table on that and a chair on top of all. She succeeded in mounting this unstable erection and found she could reach the picture by leaning with one hand on the dusty wall. When she pulled back the curtain the picture startled her and caused her to lose her balance and fall. While falling she lost consciousness and when she recovered she found herself lying unhurt on the floor, with the tables and chairs in their usual places, and the curtain was in front of the picture.

In 1844 Colonel Hahn took Helena to Paris and London, one of the objects being to obtain some good music lessons, for she showed great natural abilities as a pianist—abilities which never forsook her during later life. The visit was not altogether a success, partly owing to her own peculiarities of temperament, and she was disappointed to find her English was more imperfect than she had realized. She had been taught by an English governess to use broad "o's" and "a's" and her pronunciation caused many smiles among her English friends, which she did not like. Some years later, before her next visit, she spoke English well.

The marriage, in 1848, which changed Mademoiselle Helena Hahn into Madame Blavatsky came about in a curious way. She was dared by her governess to find any man who would be her husband, and she accepted the challenge. General Blavatsky, the governor of a Russian province, was quite an elderly man, of whom she had by no means a lofty opinion, but in three days' time she had made him propose to her. Too late she discovered that her joking acceptance was a serious matter and she would have to face the consequences. She was only seventeen and the whole thing was nothing more than a girlish prank, and its results were not much greater than the mere change of name. Her friends tried to impress her with the solemnity of the step, but before three months had passed the young bride left her husband. She took a horse and rode away. She was riding to join her father, but during the journey she began to fear that her father might insist on her returning to General Blavatsky, so she changed her plans. With her were an old serving-man and a maid. They journeyed by ship to Kertch, where she sent the servants ashore to find apartments, and prepare for her. She then persuaded the captain to sail away for his next port, and on landing, in order to escape the harbor police, she borrowed the outfit of the cabin-boy, who hid in the coal bunker.

At Constantinople she met a Russian lady of her acquaintance, with whom she traveled safely for some time.

In Cairo she met an old man who had considerable reputation as a magician—from him she received some instructions.

In Paris she formed the acquaintance of a famous mesmerist, who discovered her wonderful psychic gifts and tried to retain her as one of his sensitives; but this was by no means to Madame's liking and she hastily quitted Paris.

She then paid her second visit to London. One day while out walking she saw a tall Hindu with some Indian princes. She immediately recognized Him as her Guardian whom she had already come to revere. Her first impulse was to rush forward and speak to Him, but He made her a sign not to move, and she stood spellbound while they passed by. The next day while strolling in Hyde Park and thinking over her extraordinary adventure, on looking up she saw the same dignified Hindu approaching—this time with the purpose of meeting her and speaking to her. He explained that He had come to London with the Indian princes on an important mission; and that He wished to meet her physically, as He wished to have her cooperation in a work which He was about to undertake. He gave her some information as to the work she would be called upon to perform, and told her that she would have many troubles and difficulties to face, also that she would have to spend three years in Tibet to prepare for her work. But the time for Madame Blavatsky's great work was far ahead, for she had intense love for adventure, and her dislike for any constraint was very strong.

She came to America in pursuit of North American Indians as she imagined them to be, after reading Fenimore Cooper's stories. She was introduced to a party of Indians in some Canadian city and forthwith set about to learn of their customs and the doings of the medicine men. Disappointed in her hopes of the sons and daughters of the Wild West, she went to New Orleans, where the strange magical rites were practised by a sect of West African negroes, known as Voodooos, and her curiosity was excited about this. These rites were of a very undesirable character, so she moved on.

Mexico provided her with interesting material and also with a number of adventures. It is wonderful to note that during all of her wanderings she came out unharmed. During these Mexican wanderings she resolved to go back to India to try to meet again that Teacher whom she now knew physically. Strange as it may seem, she had already met two others who were bent on a similar quest: one an Englishman, the other a Hindu. These three pilgrims reached Bombay in 1852, where their paths separated. Madame Blavatsky did not succeed in her quest on the first occasion, only getting to Nepal, where she had to turn back, going to England in 1853; but the preparation for the Crimean War offended her patriotic feelings and she crossed to America, going this time to New York. Afterwards she went to the far west and across the Rocky Mountains till she reached San Francisco—where she stayed for some time. After two years in America Madame Blavatsky again set out for

the mysterious East, and reached Calcutta in 1855.

Madame, with three companions (one a monk) journeyed towards Tibet. Under disguise she pushed far into the Forbidden Land. She saw many strange things and her interest in all forms of magic was amply gratified. She was conducted back to the frontier, and after some further travels in India she was directed by her occult Guardian to leave the country before the mutiny — which broke out in 1857. Her family had heard nothing except the vaguest rumors about her. It was Christmas night, 1858, and a wedding party was in progress, when an impatient ring at the bell was heard and Madame walked in. By this time (1858) Madame Blavatsky was already possessed of occult powers, and the next few years spent with her family in Russia were crowded with marvelous phenomena. Her father was utterly skeptical as to his daughter's powers, at which he simply laughed. I wish I had time to give you some of the phenomena she gave to convince them — but I haven't.

The report of all of these strange happenings got abroad, and H. P. B. was soon regarded as a magician. About this time she was taken seriously ill, and for days she lay like one apparently dead. She recovered, but from that time every phenomenon independent of her will entirely ceased. The struggle of her earlier years was to obtain control over the mysterious forces of the inner side of nature, which were always playing around her, and her victory seems to have been won with this serious illness.

All that is known about the years between 1867 and 1870 is that they were spent in the East, and that a great increase in occult knowledge was their fruit. She returned from the East with much of the knowledge, which it was her great and difficult task to reintroduce to the world, a world either ignorant of, or greatly prejudiced against, the Eastern teachings, which are now known as Theosophy. She was a Russian and for the most part had to write and speak in languages that were not her own. Her teachings were new and strange and utterly opposed to many of the religious views then prevailing. There was no Theosophical Society with its own publishing department waiting to receive and spread her teachings. She had to find people, scattered through the world, who were likely to appreciate and understand her. Although H. P. B. was a pupil of one of the Great Masters and was entrusted with this piece of work, the precise details and methods of action were not given her.

In 1870 she returned to the East, meeting with her customary adventures en route, for a dreadful explosion occurred on her ship and she was among the few on board who were picked out of the water. She managed to reach Cairo where she suffered many inconveniences until money could reach her from Russia. In Cairo she found a certain number of people who were interested in spiritualism and started working among them. She hoped to show that she herself could produce *at will* the phenomena which they obtained through a medium, and thereby awaken their interest in the deeper side of her teachings. But her efforts met with no success.

In 1872 her family were surprised by her unannounced return, but she did not stay long.

In 1873 she started her travels again, this time turning westward trying to plant the Eastern thought with which she was entrusted. An incident which occurred on this journey was so characteristic of her that I'll mention it here. Madame Blavatsky had taken a first-class ticket for New York and was going on board the steamer *Harve*, when she saw a poor woman with two little children standing on the pier weeping. "Why are you crying?" she asked. The woman replied that her husband had sent her, from America, money to enable her and the children to join him. She had spent it all in the purchase of steerage tickets from a bogus steamship agent — the tickets being fraudulent imitations. She could not find the rogue who sold them to her and was penniless in a strange city. Madame Blavatsky went to the agent of the Steamship Company, and exchanged her own first-class ticket for steerage tickets for herself, the poor woman, and the children. Thus our heroine traveled to America in the crowded discomfort of the steerage liner.

At the time of her arrival in New York (1873) a series of remarkable spiritualistic phenomena were commencing to attract much attention. William and Horatio Eddy were farmers at Chittenden, Vermont. They were poor and ill educated, but strong mediums, and crowds of visitors came to witness the remarkable materializations which occurred in their presence. Among these visitors was H. P. B. Shortly after her, arrived Colonel H. S. Olcott. Their acquaintance grew into friendship and H. P. B. began to introduce to him some of the principles of the Eastern wisdom.

Henry Steele Olcott, who served in the war between the North and South, was an officer in the American army, and held an honorable position as a lawyer and writer. In him H. P. B. found a colleague and organizer, and during the following years the T. S. was born and commenced to develop. In 1875, when it was formally founded, he was appointed its life President, and for thirty-two years he filled that office, winning the love of thousands by the sterling qualities of his heart and the noble work for humanity to which he set his hand.

The progress of the new Society was very slow at first; indeed, after a year's work there survived only a good organization, a few somewhat indolent members, a certain notoriety and two friends, the Russian and the American who were in deadly earnest, who never for a moment doubted the existence of their Masters. The difficulties before them were enormous, but the following description of a visit paid by one of the Masters to Colonel Olcott will serve to show the encouragement given to the two comrades. Colonel Olcott says, "One night I was seated alone in my room quietly reading, when all at once there came a gleam of something white in the right-hand corner of my right eye. I turned my head, dropped my book in astonishment, and saw towering above me in great stature an Oriental, clad in white garments and wearing a head cloth, or turban, of amber-striped fabric. Long raven hair hung from

under His turban to the shoulders. He was so grand a man, so imbued with the majesty of moral strength, so luminously spiritual, so evidently above the average humanity, that I felt abashed in His presence, and bowed my head and bent on my knee as one does before a god or god-like personage. A hand was lightly placed on my head, a sweet though strong voice bade me be seated, and when I raised my eyes, the Presence was seated in the other chair beyond the table. He told me He had come at the crisis when I needed Him; that my actions had brought me to this point; that it lay with me alone whether He and I should meet again in this life as co-workers for the good of mankind; that a great work was to be done for humanity, and I had the right to share in it if I wished; that a mysterious tie had drawn my colleague and myself together, a tie which could not be broken, however strained it might be at times. How long He was there I cannot tell, but at last He rose (I wondering at His height, and observing the sort of splendor in His countenance—not an external shining, but the soft gleam, as it were, of an inner light, that of the spirit) and benignantly saluting me in farewell, he was gone. Morning found me still thinking and resolving; and from this developed my subsequent T. S. activities, and that loyalty to the Masters behind our Movement which the rudest shocks and the cruelest disillusioning have never shaken."

In the summer of 1875 *Isis Unveiled* was commenced. In 1877, with the help of Colonel Olcott, it was published. H. P. B. had a reference library of scarcely one hundred volumes, yet she produced a book which suggests the free use of a museum. Here are her words on the matter: "During the long years of my absence from home I have constantly studied and have learned certain things, but when I wrote *Isis* I wrote it so easily that it was certainly no labor, but a real pleasure. I never put to myself the question, 'Can I write on this subject?' for whenever I write upon a subject I know little of, I address myself to Them and one of Them inspires me." Again she writes: "I live in a kind of permanent enchantment, a life of visions and sights with open eyes and no trance whatever to deceive my senses. For several years, in order not to forget what I have learned elsewhere, I have been made to have permanently before my eyes all that I need to see. Thus, night and day, the images of the past are ever marshaled before my inner eye; slowly, and gliding silently like images in an enchanted panorama, centuries appear before me; and every important and often unimportant event remains photographed in indelible colors. I certainly refuse pointblank to attribute it to my own knowledge or memory, for I could never arrive alone at either such premises or conclusions."

In 1878 it was decided that the Founders should go to India. After arriving, a bungalow in the native quarters of Bombay was chosen, and before many weeks had passed their rooms were thronged daily with native visitors, eager to discuss religious questions with H. P. B. and hear her explanation of their own ancient scriptures.

It is a striking testimony to the value of

Theosophy that it can help equally the followers of various faiths; for just as Hindus, Buddhists, Parsees, and others flocked around H. P. B., so, in the present day, do they gather around Mrs. Besant to hear her lectures, while many earnest Christians find the greatest help in her words and writings.

Early days in Bombay were hard for H. P. B. Being a Russian and moving solely among the natives, the police got suspicious, fearing she might be a secret agent of the Russian Government, and put a detective to watch her. H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott were visited in person by the Teachers and made to realize more strongly than ever that they were not alone in their work, but were being watched and aided at every turn.

One very important step was taken shortly after their arrival in India. Mr. Sinnett, then Editor of the *Pioneer*, an Anglo-Indian paper, wrote asking for an introduction to H. P. B. This meant a great deal, for he was highly respected by the best Anglo-Indian society. He was soon convinced of her wonderful abilities, and a strong friendship grew. H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott visited Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett at Simla, and there is where the remarkable events occurred that are given us in the *Occult World*, the first book which Mr. Sinnett contributed to the library of T. S. literature. Through H. P. B. he was given the privilege of communicating with the Masters, from whom he received the letters upon which to base his work, *Esoteric Buddhism*, which was the first book which gave any clear presentation of Theosophy.

The Founders were traveling all the while, establishing branches and arousing public interest in their work.

In 1882 H. P. B. became ill. The strain of constant labor, traveling, and misrepresentations brought about the collapse. She had kidney trouble and rheumatism. She went to spend a while with her Occult Guardians and returned in two or three days practically well again.

During their wanderings in India they always kept a lookout for a suitable home for the Society, and at the end of 1882 they came across just the place wanted. This was at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, where they purchased the property, which is now the Headquarters of the T. S.

At this time H. P. B. spent most of her time in writing, for in this way she felt she might justify herself and draw the Movement together. Her health broke down and she had to leave India. The doctors all said that never had a patient been known to live even for a week under such conditions, which had been chronic for many months past. Countess Constance Wachmeister, being a Theosophist and learning that H. P. B. was in need of care and companionship, went to live with her at Wurzburg. The work on which Madame Blavatsky was engaged at this time was *The Secret Doctrine*. By seven in the morning she was at her desk writing, with only a pause for breakfast, until one o'clock when sometimes she would stop for dinner; but at other times her door would remain closed for hours longer, to the despair of the maid, who bemoaned the spoilt

food. At seven o'clock writing was laid aside and the rest of the evening was spent with the Countess until nine—when she went to bed, where she would surround herself with her Russian newspapers and read till a late hour.

The strenuous work in producing *The Secret Doctrine* told very heavily on her health. She moved to Ostend, the Countess accompanying her. Her suffering grew worse and two doctors were called in. Matters had reached a crisis and H. P. B. herself thought that the time had come for her to lay down her body. How glad she was at the prospect of being free from so worn-out an instrument—although she had hoped to give more to the world. The Countess sat by her and wondered how it could be possible, after she had slaved, suffered, and striven so hard, for her to die in the middle of her work. The Countess fell asleep and on opening her eyes she felt that perhaps H. P. B. had died during her sleep. She says: "I turned round towards the bed in horror, and saw H. P. B. looking at me calmly, as she said, 'Countess, come here.' I flew to her side. 'What has happened, H. P. B.? You look so different to what you did last night.' She replied, 'Yes, Master has been here. He gave me my choice: that I might die and be free if I would, or I might live and finish *The Secret Doctrine*. He told me how great would be my suffering, and what a terrible time I would have before me in England (for I am to go there); but when I thought of those students to whom I shall be permitted to teach a few things, and of the T. S. in general, I accepted the sacrifice—and now to make it complete, fetch me some coffee, and something to eat, and give me my tobacco box.'" There are many now in England and abroad who bless her every day of their lives for this sacrifice which brought Theosophy to them when they might never otherwise have heard of it.

Four years of strenuous work completed *The Secret Doctrine*. H. P. B. translated the *Voice of the Silence*, a book which comes from early Buddhist days; *The Key to Theosophy* was also written, and *Lucifer*, a magazine, was started and edited by H. P. B. for four years. A wonderful record of work to be done with such a worn-out body! In addition to this, H. P. B. continued training pupils so that the work might be carried on when she left, and the Blavatsky Lodge was formed.

On coming to London H. P. B. was located at Lansdowne Road, where a large house was taken, she occupying the rooms on the ground floor. For twelve hours a day she would work at her desk and in the evenings would receive visitors—well-known men of science, learned professors, literary men, agnostics, socialists, and artists. Among these visitors came Mrs. Besant, to whom *The Secret Doctrine* had been given for review. Before long Lansdowne Road was outgrown and a move was made, at Mrs. Besant's invitation, to her home on Avenue Road. A lecture hall was built beside the house and became the Headquarters of the Society for a dozen years. Avenue Road was the last home of the body known as Madame Blavatsky, for here, on May 8, 1891, it was laid aside.

H. P. B. was in a very real sense the mother of the T. S. She is as much as ever a beneficent power in the T. S. Movement, and by keeping her memory green we shall be more likely to know her when she takes up her work again on the physical plane in years to come. So let's work for Theosophy whether by thought, or word, or by action, so the Movement may be strong and healthy—ready for our leader when she does come back.

I might mention that there were always people who helped H. P. B. with her work, acting as secretary, etc., writing her manuscripts on the typewriter, getting it ready for the printers, and putting it in order, making marginal notes, etc. Here are a few: Bertram Keightley and Dr. Archibald Keightley, T. Subba Row, William Q. Judge. Mr. Leadbeater, being interested in spiritualism, came across a second-hand copy of the *Occult World*. This was how he first heard of Theosophy. He immediately met Madame Blavatsky and gave up his work to go with her.

No doubt you all have heard the poetical expression: "Listen to the music of the spheres." We can understand just what this means if we let men resemble musical instruments, in which every string should be in perfect order, so no discordant notes may be sounded. We are told that matter on the physical plane is of low vibration and that spirit is the highest vibration of life. Between the two poles is man, which represents the grand octave. Now if the soul is in full harmony with the soul of the universe he can well understand what this means, and until we get in better tune, we will never know and realize just what the Masters mean to us, and how important it is to get busy.

Draft Horses

BY LAWRENCE LEE

Before their high-piled drays the stoics go,
Untroubled, to fulfill a witless fate;
Great-eyed and mild, and ponderously slow,
While surface cars and nervous taxis wait.

Unmoved by the hysteria of the street,
With mammoth grace they let their huge hoofs
fall;
And thoughts of an immutable defeat
Are less than straws upon the load they haul.

Unconscious of the thunder that they make,
And careless of the speeding wheel's attack,
Proud beasts an untriumphant exit take,
With little victors snarling at their back.

—*Literary Digest*, April 3, 1926.

Our Visit to Australia

(Continued from page 256)

I must now close this first letter from Australia as a mail has to be caught; but if opportunity offers I shall from time to time send out these little bulletins in the hope that they will be of interest to their readers.

What Lodges are Doing

Santa Ana, Calif.

Santa Ana Lodge entertained the Southern California Federation of Lodges at Orange County Park, on March 28, and served luncheon to ninety guests. They are preparing to begin an active program of work in the fall. Their library comprises two hundred books.

Denver

Colorado Lodge held an open forum discussion April 1, on "The Use and Misuse of Prisons," inviting the public to its Lodge rooms. The speakers were Dr. Pearl W. Dorr, Mr. Foster Cline, and Mr. W. E. Collett.

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Pacific Grove Lodge has just received the gift of a building lot, sixty feet square, from two members, and the plans are being made to erect a new Lodge home. The house in which the Lodge met for several years was sold by the owner, and as the members are "too poor to pay rent" they are putting their hands deep down into their pockets, and cheerfully making plans for the new "Theosophical meeting-house." They hope to move in by White Lotus Day.

Altoona, Pa.

Altoona Lodge, although a new Lodge with a short membership list, is doing active public work. They celebrated Adyar Day with a program of talks and music and added a fine collection to the Adyar Fund. Their efforts in distributing Dr. Besant's London lecture on the Coming has resulted in getting the devoted group "preached against," which seems to be the first favorable symptom of the awakening of the sleeping giant of intelligence in any community.

St. Louis

Some open forum topics discussed during April and May are: "What Non-Theosophists Think of Theosophy," "How to Transmute Undesirable Emotions," "Magic—Black and White," "Is There a Mental Truth Serum?" "Affirmations—How They Work—Their Use and Abuse," "The Masters—Are such Beings Probable or Possible?" "How Shall We Receive the World-Teacher?" "Finding One's Life Work."

New York City

Central Lodge has a new meeting place in the studio building at 14 West 68th Street. Their schedule of meetings comprises a theosophical lecture on the first Thursday evening of each month, and a study class on the second and

fourth Thursdays. A lecture on some topic of general interest is given on the third Thursday, which is an open forum meeting. All of the meetings are open to the public. Closed meetings are held on the fifth Thursdays, and prior to 8:30 P. M., before other Lodge meetings, when necessary. Their President, Mr. William J. Ross, is conducting a "Secret Doctrine class" on Monday evenings at 45 West 49th St., the address of Service Lodge. The class is composed of about thirteen members of the two Lodges.

Portland, Oregon

Portland Lodge has a book review conducted by the librarians, followed by a "silver tea," on the last Tuesday of each month. The public is invited.

Hollywood

An interesting report of a typical meeting of the Hollywood Junior Theosophical Fraternity Lodge has arrived. The meeting was opened with a piano number, the Eucharist motif from *Parsifal*. After the recitation of a mantram the youthful president read from *At the Feet of the Master*, selecting from that reading a thought for the meditation which followed. Another piano selection concluded the devotional part of the meeting. One of the young members then gave a talk on one of Bishop Leadbeater's books, explaining its practical usefulness, and another spoke on "Brotherhood Among the Adepts," one of a series of talks on "brotherhood" in the various kingdoms.

The officers discharged their duties with dignity and devotion, and the entire meeting was marked with a spirit of spontaneity and cooperation.

Oklahoma City

During the month of March the Oklahoma City Lodge held a rummage sale which netted \$41.00, and a food sale in the courthouse, which netted the sum of \$28.55. The rummage sale was the first to be tried by the Lodge and all were enthusiastic over it. It took less work, and there was more profit, besides the benefit to many poor people who found, at a very low cost, good articles of wearing apparel and other things, such as utensils for the kitchen and laundry, and accessories of various kinds. The Lodge voted to have another rummage sale before hot weather, and also another food sale.

The theosophical social evenings, held at the homes of members, with dancing as one of the features, are to be resumed soon, as these also form a source of revenue.

Last December this Lodge held a bazaar which netted about \$120. Another bazaar is planned for this fall, and as many rummage sales as can be managed.

The two lectures given by Mr. Rogers in Oklahoma City on March 5 and 6, were given in Harding Hall, in the Shrine Temple, which seats more than six hundred people. Because of other attractions, which were posted for the same dates in large auditoriums in the city, the attendance at these lectures was not so great as had been anticipated, but the hall was fairly well filled, and the audience was most appreciative and attentive.

The three national lecturers who have visited Oklahoma City since January 25, have aided the Oklahoma City Lodge greatly in the deep interest their lectures have aroused. These three lecturers are: Mr. Fritz Kunz, Mrs. Harriet Tuttle Bartlett, and Mr. L. W. Rogers. The experiment of taking the large hall at greater expense has also proved a good investment for the Lodge, as it has given us greater prestige in the public mind, and a greater importance in a general way.

Akron, Ohio

Our Lodge has entered upon a new period of activity. Five years ago, when rents became prohibitive in the down-town section, we gave up our headquarters there and accepted the free offer of the home of two of our members, for holding our meetings. This enabled us to save the greater part of our "dollar a month" dues for our Headquarters Building Fund, and to build up a very good Lodge library. All Lodge meetings and some of our public lectures were held there, as the house has a seating capacity of about sixty.

Mr. Heyting delivered a course of lectures in October, and his scholarly and scientific presentation of Theosophy was much appreciated both by the Lodge and the public. His audiences were unusually large.

We next inaugurated "theosophical teas" on Sunday afternoons, with informal discussions on Theosophy. In this line a "Theosophical Conversazione," in which cards similar to dance programs were used, was voted the success of the winter. Further particulars will be given by request.

In February, Miss Elaine Scribner gave a course of three lectures and two Lodge talks. In addition to her very interesting and instructive lectures, which drew good-sized audiences, Miss Scribner, in a very frank talk to the Lodge, convinced us that we were not doing all that we were capable of doing in preparation for the Coming of the World-Teacher. So Miss Scribner and one of the members went down-town the next day to look for a suitable room. A very desirable room at reasonable rent was found in one of the newest and finest bank buildings in the heart of the city. The Lodge then voted that if a sufficient sum could be raised by private subscription among the members, without drawing upon either the Lodge treasury or the Building Fund, it should be rented. The amount asked was over-subscribed in a few days. A committee on furnishings was then appointed, and the room was ready Thursday evening, March 18, for our first Lodge meeting.

The library is kept open two hours at noon every day, and we expect soon to have it open evenings and all of Saturday afternoons. Our new home is located at Room 310, Akron Savings and Loan Building, S. W. Corner Main and Bowery Streets, where we will be glad to receive visiting Theosophists. Mail will still come to the home of Mrs. A. Ross Read, Corresponding Secretary, 786 Chalker St., Akron, Ohio. Telephone: Portage 680-W.

Annual Dues

July first is the beginning of the new fiscal year of the American Theosophical Society, and on that date annual dues for all members are payable. Lodge members must pay their \$3.00 dues through their own Lodge secretary, who will in turn forward the amount to National Headquarters, where the individual member will be credited on his record card, and a new membership card issued.

Section members will pay their \$6.00 annual dues direct to the National Secretary-Treasurer at 826 Oakdale Avenue, Chicago.

According to the By-Laws, members whose dues have not been received at Headquarters by July 1 are not entitled to receive THE MESSENGER.

Lodge officers will render a definite service to members and to Headquarters by calling the attention of members to this matter immediately and urging early remittances.

MAUDE N. COUCH,
National Secretary-Treasurer.

Co-Masonry

For the accommodation of delegates to the Convention who may desire to join the Co-Masonic Order while in Chicago, arrangements will be made to hold a special meeting at which this work can be done.

We are hoping that Very Illus. Bro. Besant will address the members of the Order, and, in view of the important place which Co-Masonry occupies in the work of the immediate future, we feel confident that many Theosophists, who live in towns where Lodges have not yet been established, will appreciate this opportunity of associating themselves with this movement.

Those who wish to take this step will please communicate as soon as possible, with Miss Ila Fain, 6458 Dante Avenue, Chicago. All applications will have to be acted upon in the usual way, a process which requires considerable time and correspondence. It is, therefore, advisable to commence negotiations very soon in order to avoid the possibility of being disappointed.

Persons wishing information about Co-Masonry, with a view to joining, may also write to Dr. C. Shuddemagen, 7243 Coles Avenue, Chicago.

News Items

Word comes from Miss Arnold of The Besant School for Girls, in Shanghai, China, that they have at last secured a house in quite a central location at a reasonable rent, and that the school would open its doors in these new premises about the beginning of March.

A letter from Arthur Burgess gives the information that Mr. Max Wardall has been appointed secretary for the Order of Service in the United States.

Through the generosity of one of its members, the St. Louis Star Group sent out over three hundred appeals to clergymen of that city to consider the purposes of the Order. It was a very courteous, clear, brief letter enclosed with a copy of *The Coming of the World-Teacher*, Dr. Besant's London lecture, and a folder announcing Mr. L. W. Rogers' lectures for the week. One pastor of a fashionable suburban church had for his subject the following Sunday, "What Theosophists Think of the Coming of a World-Teacher." He read the principles of the Order of the Star and accepted them.

From *Theosophy in New Zealand* we learn that Dr. Besant has decided to return to London on account of some pressing work there; that Mr. Jinarajadasa and Mr. Krishnamurti are remaining in India for the present, and that Bishop Wedgwood has returned to Europe.

Word has come from Mr. Jinarajadasa "that the little mahogany trees, planted (during the Jubilee Convention) to form the Founders' Avenue are doing well. A protecting circular enclosure has been built around each, so as to prevent cattle from injuring them while young. On the enclosure of each, we shall presently mount a small marble slab, bearing the name of the country and the date of the formation of the National Society."

Dr. Clarence E. McCartney, of Princeton University, in a talk given before the department of elementary school principals, declared that "we might better have more of the fourth R — righteousness — and less nationalistic patriotism about how we 'licked the British.'" He believes that a revival of old-fashioned religion is needed in the homes to teach children that there is a moral law, the rewards of which are blessed and the breaking of which brings punishment, remembering also that "nothing in the schools can compare with high character in the teachers themselves."

Mrs. Lizette S. Naegele

Mrs. Lizette S. Naegele, former President of Central Lodge and mother of Charles Naegele, the pianist, passed away on February 27, after an illness of two years.

Those who are thinking of going to the Star Congress at Ommen may be interested to hear that the Continental Travel Company has arranged two itineraries, with a stay at Ommen from July 23 to 30, the time during which the Congress convenes. One is a forty-eight day tour at \$395, and the other is a thirty-five day tour at \$275. These provide for tourist cabin accommodations, second-class rail transportation, and include all expenses. The rate is based on two persons traveling together. Rates for one will be made on application. For full itineraries and further information address the Continental Travel Company, 239 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Word comes from England that Mabel Collins, the author of *Light on the Path*, has, through misfortune, lost her independent means and has only a very small government pension and an almost negligible income from her books to support her in her declining years. A fund is being raised with the hope that when converted into an annuity it may provide her with a small competency for the rest of her life. Any one wishing to contribute may send their donation to Headquarters, 826 Oakdale Ave., Chicago, before May 31 and it will be forwarded to England.

The *Chicago Daily News* recently contained the following item:

"The belief of Sir Oliver Lodge in spiritualism and communication with the dead has brought him into conflict with some of his co-members of the Royal Society, the foremost of the British learned associations.

"In a letter in the *Scientific Journal, Nature*, Sir Oliver says that Professor Armstrong has virtually called for his resignation 'because I have gradually reached a conviction on a subject of age-long debate and uncertainty, and have said so.'

"Sir Oliver declares in effect that he attaches greater importance to truth than to membership in the society.

"'When such a request is made officially,' he adds, 'I will resign without causing trouble. But I will not refrain from stating what I firmly believe the truth as demonstrated by clear and repeated evidence. It is madness to be false to the truth, no matter what the penalty be.'"

FORGET IT, PLEASE.

Forget the slander you have heard,
Forget the hasty, unkind word;
Forget the quarrel and the cause.
Forget the whole affair, because
Forgetting is the only way.
Forget the storm of yesterday,
Forget the chap whose sour face
Forgets to smile in any place;
Forget to ever get the blues,
But don't forget to pay your DUES.

Theosophy Abroad

Scotland

The Theosophical Order of Service in Edinburgh has collected sufficient money to supply a wireless set for the blind. They have also sent a large parcel of clothes to Poland, and one to London, to be distributed wherever most needed.

The International Correspondence League Secretary could arrange for travelers to be met, if given sufficient notice, and anyone desiring to visit or correspond with members in Scotland should write to Captain A. G. Pape, care The Earl of Tankerville, Shillingham Castle, Chatton, Northumberland, England.

Theosophical and "Star" Guest Houses, Rest Houses, and community experiments seem to be springing up everywhere.

Japan

A letter has been received from Mrs. Setti Line Hibino, of the Biological Institute, Tohoku Imperial University, Sendai, Japan, in which she says:

"In Japan we now have two theosophical Lodges, one in Kyoto and one in Tokyo. Sendai is the center for the northwest, and we are desirous of making a Lodge here if it is possible to get enough people interested. Any books you could get for us will be greatly appreciated as propaganda at the University."

If any of our readers have elementary or other theosophical books which they would like to donate to this worthy cause, they can send them to Mrs. Hibino at the address given above, where they will be most gratefully received.

Norway

Norway has sent out an invitation to the Scandinavian Section of the T. S. to form a "Scandinavian Correspondence Union of Young Theosophists," in order to create an atmosphere of mutual understanding and good will between the Scandinavian countries. "We desire, as Theosophists, to live a pure and self-sacrificing life, and this desire will automatically enable us to exert greater influence than most people towards international understanding."

Questions of vital interest are to be discussed, each member expressing his thoughts on the subject. In this manner the members will get a schooling in clear thinking and concise expression, and will train themselves to effectively present the theosophical ideals to the world.

Spain

The President of Arjuna Lodge, Barcelona, has just paid a visit to the new T. S. Colony at Alcait. He found the handful of valiant members there struggling against tremendous odds, not even possessing a mule or other animal to do the "donkey work." When he returned to Barcelona and told the Lodge about his visit, he said they

really must see if something could not be done to help the Alcait members to procure some kind of beast of burden. This "donkey" idea seemed to fire the imagination of the members of Arjuna Lodge, for then and there a collection was made which resulted in over 400 *pesetas*, more than enough to buy a donkey for the Colony.

England

Members of the Star in the East in England have long felt the need of a place where tired workers could go for periods of rest and recuperation, amid congenial surroundings, at small expense. The generosity of two members has now made it possible to establish such a center at Shepescombe—"The Valley of Peace," a most appropriate name, the place being quiet and secluded though within easy reach of Stroud and Gloucester. The two charming cottages known as "Fortune's Well" have been taken over by four trustees and will shortly be opened as a retreat and Guest House for Star workers and others who are in sympathy. For those who want to live even closer to nature, there is room in the garden for tents to be erected.

Besides serving as a Guest House, "Fortune's Well" may be used as a meeting place for small groups of workers who desire to hold week-end conferences away from the noise and rush of big cities.

Further information may be obtained from Major C. F. J. Galloway, "Fortune's Well," Shepescombe, Gloss, England.

Uruguay

From a letter received on March 2, we quote the following: "The Theosophical Society in Uruguay was founded in November 1924 by Mrs. A. Menie Gowland. One Lodge, "Hiranya," already existed, composed of members chiefly keen on the intellectual side. The arrival of Mrs. Gowland put new life into it, and very soon six other Lodges sprang up; later on two more being formed. Mrs. Gowland was appointed National President for a period of three years.

"The new Headquarters is situated in the very center of Montevideo (Avenida 18 de Julio, No. 1027) and consists of one very large room and several smaller ones. The large room is used for big meetings and contains the library, which is very complete, having books in several languages. In the smaller rooms some of the Lodges hold their meetings. At present the nine Lodges comprise 175 members.

"The Order of the Star in the East is also at work, and a movement is on foot for forming a center of the Knights of the Round Table. Lately a group has been formed for the propagation and study of music. It will undoubtedly meet with great success, as there are many good musicians amongst the members."

Jewish Theosophists and Star Members—Attention

In view of the extraordinary period in the world's history, owing to the immediate Coming of the World-Teacher, we, members of the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star in the East, who are of the Jewish race, feel that an effort must be made to present to the Jewish people our beliefs about the Coming, the existence of the Great White Lodge, Reincarnation, and Karma, from an angle best suited to their historical background, and their traditions, and link these truths with the work of the great sages as given in the Midrashim, Mishna, Talmud, and the Kabala.

We therefore appeal to all Theosophists and Star members of Jewish antecedents to present suggestions of ways and means of procedure, and to form some sort of an association of an auxiliary nature to the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star in the East. This auxiliary organization in matters of T. S. work will be subject to the authority of the National President. In matters of Star work we are subject to the Head and his American representative.

Henry C. Samuels, F. T. S., (President, pro tem.)
323 15th Ave. North, Seattle, Wash.

Louis B. Ball, F. T. S., (Secretary and Treasurer, pro tem.) Long Beach Star Group, 1031 Bennett Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

Ephraim Silberman, F. T. S., (Publicity Agent, pro tem.) Milwaukee Star Group, P. O. Box 657, Milwaukee, Wis.

Kindly address all communications to the Secretary, Mr. Louis B. Ball.

Deaths

The wise grieve neither for the living nor for the dead. Nor at any time verily was I not, nor thou, nor these princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be, hereafter. —The Bhagavad-Gita.

Dr. Harrison Atchley, Herakles Lodge.

Mrs. Mary M. Craik, Section Member.

Carlisle E. Davis, Fargo Lodge.

Miss Dorothy L. Graham, Akron Lodge.

Frank W. Johansen, Inner Light Lodge.

Mrs. Fannie McKenzie, Section Member.

Mrs. Lisette S. Naegele, Central Lodge of New York.

John W. Tatum, Brooklyn Lodge.

Charles Wahlers, Seattle Lodge.

Clayton F. Woods, Section Member.

Kill thy desires, Lanoo, make thy vices impotent, ere the first step is taken on the solemn journey.

Strangle thy sins, and make them dumb forever, before thou dost lift one foot to mount the ladder.

Silence thy thoughts and fix thy whole attention on thy Master, whom yet thou dost not see, but whom thou feelest.—From *The Voice of the Silence*.

State Plant Inspection

Several shipments of trees have been received at Wheaton during the past months for the new Headquarters site. Some of these shipments have come without a proper certificate of inspection attached. The chief plant inspector for Illinois, Mr. P. A. Glenn, informs us that this is a violation, not only of the laws of the state of Illinois, but also of the laws of the state from which the shipment was sent. He says further that "every such shipment that comes in will have to be treated separately," that is, inspected separately for plant diseases. Therefore, it would be well, in future, for members to see that a proper certificate of inspection is attached to the shipment (nursery-grown stock usually has the certificate attached), or else send the money to Headquarters and have the tree or shrub purchased here. The latter would probably be the best plan, as Headquarters could then select the most suitable kind of tree or shrub, and avoid the danger of injury to the tree while waiting for inspection before it can be properly planted.

Irises, dahlias, shasta daisies, hardy chrysanthemums, and perennials of any kind do not require inspection.

Adyar Day Returns

Dr. Ernest Stone wires that the splendid response to Adyar Day, with returns now totaling over seven thousand dollars, shows that the membership supports Dr. Besant whole-heartedly. To make sure that the records are accurate the accounts have been audited by an expert accountant, Anna M. Brinkley, assisted by Diana E. Gillespie, and have been found to be correct. The thousands of form letters to Dr. Besant, signed by the members, will be placed in a beautiful handcarved box and sent to Dr. Besant in England, so they will reach her just before she sails for America, assuring her of our love and hearty welcome before she arrives.

Miss Dorothy Graham

The Akron Lodge has lost, from physical plane activities, one of its most faithful members. Miss Dorothy Graham, who was Recording and Corresponding Secretary for three years, passed to the other side of life on February 19, 1926. Miss Graham's twenty years as Private Secretary to the City Superintendent of Schools was good training for her theosophical work which she performed promptly, earnestly, and efficiently as long as her strength permitted. When no longer able to work, she welcomed the change and passed to the higher life serenely and calmly, "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

There are seven keys to every allegory, whether in the Bible or in Pagan religions.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY

Children's Story—Little Joy-feeling

By ORLINE BARNETT MOORE

MARJORIE felt all shining and singing inside. You do, you know, when you are ten and you have just had a birthday party and somebody has given you something you have been wanting for a long time. The twins, who were Marjorie's cousins, had brought her a set of small garden tools. Aunt Jane had sent her some seed, and Mother said she might plant them in the bed under the dining room windows.

Marjorie was so sing-y inside that all the little songs were pushing to come out. So Marjorie laughed, which is really a very good way to let out the sing-y feeling. But all the feelings couldn't get out that way, because there were so many, so some of them ran down into her feet and Marjorie danced and spun around, and just as she was spinning her fastest somebody came and stood in the door. So, of course, Marjorie stopped spinning and dancing, and stared at the new-comer, which wasn't very polite, but the visitor didn't seem to mind.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I'd like to come closer to you because you're so full of good feelings."

"Who are you?" asked Marjorie. "Haven't you any good feelings of your own?"

"Oh yes," he answered, "I guess I've plenty of good feelings but they all get wilted when they have to stay around somebody who has bad ones. Yours are so very pleasant that I think they would be good for this little fellow here . . ."

He came closer to Marjorie and held out something that looked to her like a very tiny flower. It was much smaller than anything that grows in gardens and was quite the most delicate bit of plant Marjorie had ever seen.

"What is it?" she asked curiously.

"It's a Joy-feeling," he explained, "and it's really a very rare thing. People often think they have found it when they have found only Pleasure. I know one man who seemed to think he had it when he only had Happy. Joy-feelings are very rare, yet everyone on earth is looking for them, but there aren't many people who have them. They die in most people's presence, but I think they could live very well in yours."

"Where did you get it?" asked Marjorie, coming closer and reaching out her hand to take the tiny thing.

"I found it out by the gate at the end of your driveway. It was so sick I thought it would die, so I brought it in here to see if you could do something for it. It got sick because Mary Kate was cross."

"What has that to do with it? Was it Mary Kate's Joy-feeling?"

"It was—but she couldn't keep it, and she has made it sick. She was cross and disobedient to her mother and she cried and stamped her foot, and the little Joy-feeling just fell quite limp and ran away from her. It got as far as the gate of your drive and fell there because it was so weak it couldn't go any further."

Marjorie took the little thing in her hand and looked at it very closely. It *did* look like a flower, but it was a strange flower, for it had tiny legs and perfect, wee feet, and two of its largest petals seemed to lift themselves into wings. Marjorie saw that one was broken and she mentioned this to her visitor.

"I know," he said, "but it will mend if you take care of it. Look! It's beginning to revive now. Why, it's really very much better."

Marjorie was astonished to see what had happened since she had taken the little Joy-feeling into her hand. It sat up and looked around; and then it smiled. It looked straight at Marjorie and smiled, and presently it flew up and hid itself in her hair.

Marjorie began to laugh again, and to dance as she had danced before, and that delighted the little Joy so much that he danced too, right on top of her head, and he waved her curls aside as he moved. You might have said it was a breeze from the open window, but of course that would be only because you couldn't see the tiny Joy dancing in Marjorie's hair.

The visitor was so delighted at all this that he too began to laugh, and that made him look very queer indeed, because he had a funny face, and laughter twisted it into strange shapes. He opened his funny, crooked mouth, and he called to Marjorie: "That's right! You will soon have him well and he will never leave you so long as you are happy. Besides, if you are good to him, Joy will tell you many things about the world that most people do not know. You will never be lonely and you will become very wise. But all this will happen to you only if you remain happy and do not kill your little friend as Mary Kate almost did."

Marjorie began to wonder more and more. "Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "Oh dear! I'm so happy I don't think I could ever be cross, especially when I have birthdays. This is the very loveliest of all the presents I have, lovelier even than my garden set. Did you see my garden set?"

"Of course," replied the visitor. "I knew about your garden long before you did. That is one reason I brought little Joy-feeling to you, because Joy lives in gardens. He will help you when you plant it, and he will tell you about the flowers and help you to understand their inner hearts. Joy can teach you more about the flowers than any of the other feelings."

"Oh," cried Marjorie. "Are there other feelings? Are they his brothers and sisters, and do they look like him? I want to see them. Could I see them? Could I?"

"That depends on how you treat little Joy. One must, first of all, be joyful, to see the others, or to see the fairies, or to see—but you will know about that in due time. Just now, you have your choice whether the ugly feelings will live in you, or the beautiful ones. The ugly ones and the beautiful ones cannot live in the same person at

the same time. Some day I will show you a little fellow named Cross-Patch and his brother, Impatience, but I will try to show them to you at such a distance that they will not get into you, because if they did, poor little Joy would become ill again."

"I won't let them in," promised Marjorie. "Really I won't."

The stranger began to move toward the door and out into the hall. Marjorie ran after him.

"But who," she demanded, "who are you?"

The queer fellow turned and grinned his crooked

grin. He bowed very low, and his courtly manner was grotesque in one so odd in appearance.

"A very humble servant of the great Lord, Life."

"Didn't your mother give you any name?"

The fellow laughed and bowed again. "You may call me 'Karma,'" he said, and then, instead of going out the door, as Marjorie expected he would, there was a soft swishing sound and he vanished. Marjorie saw only the tall clock which had stood behind him. Outside, a mocking bird began to sing and Marjorie felt a breeze from the open door lift her hair from her forehead. It was really the little Joy-feeling dancing in her curls.

Theosophical Easter Service

FIRST THEOSOPHICAL EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY A DREAMER

IT IS very early in the morning — Easter Morn. The scene of our activities is the eastern slope of the Hollywood Mountains, where they descend swiftly to the banks of the Los Angeles River flowing merrily to the Pacific Ocean. A splendid vista to the east is obtainable from this vantage-point—but it is too dark yet to know anything but that our feet are on terra firma. The splendid paved boulevard known as "Los Feliz," translated "The Road of the Happy Ones," is already alive with the gleaming lights of the swiftly moving automobiles, some of which pause to ask the way to the Theosophical Easter Service in Griffith Park. They are directed by guides to parking spaces, and ascend the grass plot whereon has been erected a rostrum decorated appropriately with the symbolic Easter lilies.

On the crest of the mountain has been displayed all the week a huge star, illuminated at night, and visible for miles around. Below this, but still quite high up, a large white cross has been erected. As the result of radio and newspaper announcements, several hundred people attended this unique service.

As the gloom of night slowly relinquishes its hold to the coming dawn, we can discern the nearer objects. First, below is the river with its fringe of green willows. Beyond the river and across the vale rise tier upon tier of hills, on the foremost of which gleams another illuminated cross, marking the resting place of many a sturdy pioneer and departed Don. The light is gaining, and, looking again across the valley, we perceive that the hills beyond have winding trails to their summits—they have also olive trees—so that it needs but little to carry us back to the days when the multitude watched from the heights "the Great Tragedy on Calvary."

For a background to this mystic view we have our grand old Sierra Madre Mountains, guarding this emerald coast from the ravages of the fierce desert winds. Towering giants of primeval rocks, somber and austere, look down upon this wonderful scene. Fleecy flecks of white clouds lightly

kiss their lower peaks—for as yet their summits, towering six thousand feet high, are covered with a shroud of white, a fitting garment on this Easter Morn.

Far, far away to the east, where the vast desert lies, there is a faint crimson lance breaking through the dull dawn. More and more of them appear, until at last the rim of that Orb of Light creeps slowly above the horizon. Higher it rises with accelerating power, and in silence we gaze into that liquid orb of crimson gold, awaiting the moment when a beam shall touch the cross above us. Who knows, perhaps many of us have been gathered together in times past to worship before the Sun God?

The moment is tense; a hawk flutters, and rising, pivots in the air above us. A plane drones its way towards the sun, then circles above us, passing on its way to greet the coming Victor of the night, an illustration of man's desire to become something bigger than an earthbound being.

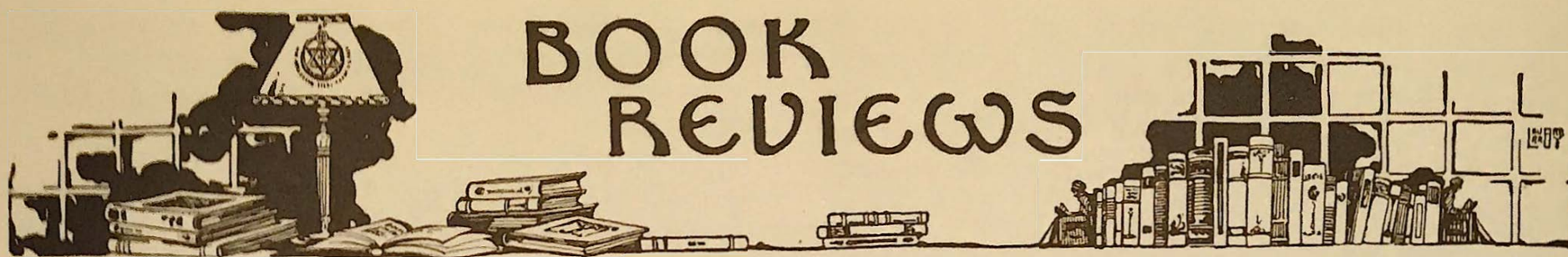
Out upon the clear air is borne a clarion call. Thrice it greets our ears, dying away in the distant hills. Sweet chimes from the bugle announce to all that Easter Morn is truly here, and each may do reverence as his heart dictates.

The service was opened by Mr. H. W. Green, President of Occult Lodge, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Helen M. Stark, President of the Federation of T. S. Lodges in Southern California spoke of the Mysticism of Easter and was followed by Judge C. F. Holland, Vice-President of the American Section, and by Dr. Sanford Bell of Olcott Lodge. Dr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley's Quartette rendered excellent vocal selections; community singing was included in the program.

Wouldst thou the Master meet? Endure in faith up to the end.

Wouldst thou the kingdom of the spirit seek? Pass thro' the cave of heart.

—From *Wouldst Thou?* by T. L. Vaswani.



To have JUST THE BOOK ONE WANTS when one wants it, is and must remain the supreme luxury of the cultivated life

World Problems of Today, by Annie Besant, D. L. Published by The Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price, Boards, \$1.25, through The Theosophical Press.

There is more wisdom in the 144 pages of this little book than is usually found stored in many ponderous tomes. While in London in the fall of 1925, Dr. Besant delivered at Queen's Hall six lectures under the general title, "World Problems of Today," and subdivided into: "A Survey of World Conditions," "The Problem of Color," "The Problem of Nationality," "The Problem of Education," "The Problem of Capital and Labor," and "The Problem of Government."

The first, "A Survey of World Conditions," was "an attempt to measure to some extent the greatness of the problems; and an attempt to reach the spirit in which these problems must be solved, if they can be solved at all." How successful was her attempt "to measure to some extent these problems" is best attested by the breathless interest that holds the reader to the end of the sixth lecture. With the keen vision that encompassed not one nation, but all, with head and heart attuned to the struggles of humanity, Dr. Besant has, by the power of her knowledge and the force of her reasoning, given to the world this most remarkable series of lectures. So earnest is she that the magnetism of her presence is felt in the printed words.

"The Problem of Color" is of first importance in a nation like Great Britain where the proportion is one white to every six colored human beings. In vivid word-pictures she shows conditions as they exist, the colored races today challenging the superiority of the white, and in India, in particular, comparing their past conditions with the present, their past government with the present, their past educational facilities and systems with the present; and the comparisons do not make for satisfaction with the present. The whole treatment of this great question is broadly done, but the answer is specific.

"The Problem of Nationality" is emphasized by the tendency on the part of nations to quarrel, each failing to recognize the rights and destinies of the others; and then the solution—to learn to harmonize the differences into a perfect expression of the mighty chord of humanity.

"The Problem of Education" she begins with the question, "What is the object of education?" And then answers it: "The training of a good citizen in the life of a nation; of developing the qualities necessary for such citizenship." She also defines a citizen as "a man or woman who is fit to live in society." Throughout the two preceding lectures, Dr. Besant has stressed the ques-

tion of education, and in this lecture she lifts the reader to her own plane and makes him see, as she does, the right of a child to an education fitted to himself.

"The Problem of Capital and Labor" is of divided interests, but of interests that are inseparable; "a gulf that must either be bridged by reason and by love, or else in which must perish the civilization of our modern days."

"The Problem of Government." From ancient Peru, China, Egypt, and India, come forms of government that are founded upon an ideal far, far from modern politics, when a ruler was held responsible for the protection and happiness of his people; when a king could honestly say he "had no power over the subjects of his kingdom—only jurisdiction over those who revolt and who do wrong."

"Great are the problems, but not too great to be solved if every one of you remembers that you yourself, each of you, is divine." Because "religion is everywhere and in everything," it is no problem, and "every problem must be solved by the spiritual intuition of man . . . by the living spirit that sees the One Life."

C. F. H.

Making Friends With Our Nerves, by Orison Swett Marden. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, N. Y. Price, Cloth, \$1.75, through The Theosophical Press.

Making Friends With Our Nerves is an easy-to-read discourse which dwells on and explains the fact that a man's nerves, instead of being conspirators against his interests, are, rather, his very best friends. A certain amount of anatomy and physiology are given in a way which the layman can understand. Throughout the book the value of the mind is recognized, and stress is laid on the fact that mental health and physical health go along together, and both are equally important.

A few startling ideas are presented, providing food for thought. For instance: "Most people are only alive in a small part of their beings"; or "How can a person be in good health who suffers from . . . irritability?"

For those people who are looking for a quick and easy way to gain "health, happiness, and success" in the popular use of that phrase, this book will make a great appeal. They will devour it, practice it to the best of their ability for a week or so, find it rather difficult to carry out to the final conclusion, and drop it, seeking new fields to conquer. However, those earnest seekers for self-betterment through more perfectly at-

tuned vehicles will find in the words of Mr. Marden a quite definite outline, which, if followed faithfully, will, I believe, lead them to a new life in which the man becomes more nearly the master of his own destiny. It is very much like others of Mr. Marden's books, dealing with the same old ideas of correct eating, bathing, breathing, habits, and the like. There is not a thing new in it. It is simply another attempt on the part of the author to get people to really take themselves in hand and practice what they already know.

M. R.

The Theosophical Society and the Occult Hierarchy, by Annie Besant, D. L. Published by The Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price, Boards, \$1.00, through The Theosophical Press.

Last fall (1925) while in London, Dr. Besant delivered three lectures at Kensington Town Hall. These lectures tell in language, forceful through its very simplicity, of the founding of the Theosophical Society by Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott (Nov. 17, 1875) at New York, under the direct instructions given the former by the Occult Hierarchy.

Not in vague generalities, but in clear, definite statements, she tells of the membership of the Masters in the Society, of their active part in its direction, of their withdrawal, and finally of their return in 1907. Between each step she graphically describes the causes leading up to it; and the history of the Society is quickened for the hearers (and the readers). How far the Society has gone, how far the changing world has advanced, can only be realized by the publication of such facts. While these lectures were given at meetings "restricted to members," the printed book is sold over the counter to the public, and the public no longer fears to admit an interest, if not a belief, in the Occult Hierarchy.

Dr. Besant tells of the work done by the Society for the ancient religions of the world, for education, for national life; she tells why the ancient doctrine of reincarnation was forgotten; and she proclaims the three great movements for the practical demonstration of Brotherhood: the Educational, the Liberal Catholic Church, and the Co-Masonic. Every sentence in the three lectures is needed, every word has been weighed—the message is plain. Much that is told is new even to Theosophists, and all is important, all is interesting, in showing the Society to be that force that unrolls the scroll of Ancient Wisdom to the world, declaring: "Nothing save that recognition of the Inner Life of man; nothing save the recognition that the Divine Architect lives in every one of the things He has made; nothing else will save modern civilization from the destruction that fell upon one ancient civilization after another . . . and so open a better and happier path for the Nations of the World to tread."

C. F. H.

The Way of Truth, by the Countess Bela Zichy. Published by The Theosophical Publishing House, London. Price, Cloth, \$1.50, through The Theosophical Press.

The Way of Truth is a novel giving an interesting account of the author's psychic experiences which led to the realization that the pictures and stories of ancient civilizations are glimpses into her own past incarnations. Out of this far past comes the karma of the present with its difficulties and poignant trials, but also with its culminating happiness.

The presentation of the laws of reincarnation and karma has a distinct value, since the casual reader may thus be interested. Yet the method of receiving instruction through three controls, who oftentimes exercise a most arbitrary direction, is too precarious to constitute the most judicious introduction to a subject so easily regarded as merely sensational.

True, the author gives fair warning as a conclusion; and this is well, since the grand and eternal law of reincarnation deserves a setting more dignified than that of spirit controls and automatic writing. Yet, since the author's motive is true in giving to others her personal testimony, and the tale itself possesses the fascination which inevitably accompanies a glimpse into the invisible worlds, the book will doubtless serve its purpose in directing the attention of a fiction-reading public to the fundamental law of rebirth.

E. S.

A Daughter of Indra. Published by The Essene Publishing Co., San Francisco, Calif. Price, Cloth, \$2.50, through The Theosophical Press.

The name of the author of this book is not given. The dedication is to "Our Most Illustrious Brother J"; then follows a very fine extract from Count Hermann Keyserling, and, below that, this admonition, "Make thyself worthy, 'when the Chela is ready, the Guru appears.'"

It is a story with a purpose—and that purpose is to tell that there are Supermen, that things do not happen by chance . . . "or drift to the great issues of life, little dreaming of the results which may follow. A chance introduction, a passing word, a toss of the head, or a flirt of a fan, may be links in the chain of destiny we are unconsciously forging. On such small points turn the great affairs of life that, were we conscious of them at the time, we would be crushed by the responsibility involved in the knowing."

There is something about this story that recalls Marie Corelli, but there is not perhaps that wealth of imagination that seemed to be hers, or the extravagance of language.

The heroine, Mrs. Bradford, is a society woman, seemingly taken up with the trivialities of life. She is at the opera, when we first meet her. To the opera come Dr. Jardyne and his mysterious friend, Colonel Gordon, who, sweeping the house with his glasses, is interested in looking at Mrs. Bradford, not as a woman but because he is "looking at a soul, and in this case it interests me for it is that most uncommon thing, a pure white

soul." Of course they meet and her whole life is changed. The Colonel is really an advanced soul, and demonstrates his power of reading thoughts, etc., and brings conviction to her that there is far more in life than she has realized.

The Daughter of Indra is a much better story than most occult novels. It is not written to be sensational, but an effort is made, with deepest reverence, to help the Western world to become familiar with the idea of the Masters of the Wisdom and Their love and guidance.

M. K.

The Dramatic Instinct, by Julia K. Sommer, B.Sc. Published by the Theosophical Fraternity in Education. Price, Paper, \$1.00, through The Theosophical Press.

More and more educators are realizing the fundamental need in children for activity, if they are to learn. Intellect is not developed by them while in a passive attitude, poring over books or listening to their teacher. Activity, creative activity, is the keynote of the new education, and the drama is one form of this activity most pleasing and, at the same time, most helpful to children. Just what function it fulfills in the intellectual and moral development of a child is the theme of a new booklet, *The Dramatic Instinct*, by Julia K. Sommer. Everyone interested in education should read it.

M. H. R.

The Reasonableness of Christianity, by Douglas Clyde Macintosh. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, Cloth, \$1.50, through The Theosophical Press.

This volume won the 1925 Bross prize of six thousand dollars, offered every ten years by Lake Forest University. Mr. Macintosh is Professor of Theology at Yale University. So the book carries its own credentials, as to standing and value.

A study such as *The Reasonableness of Christianity* is very hard reading for most Theosophists. We might think it somewhat unnecessary to attempt to keep fairly alert through 280 pages of close reasoning to prove what would seem to us to be a rather cold abstraction: that "Christ was divine in the quality of His personality; He exercised the divine function of saving man from sin; and God must have been in Christ, hence He is the Divine Man. Christ presented four great works; a new orthodoxy of love and a satisfaction in and of the moral life."

Without giving the book deep study and, weighing carefully all of his arguments, one might feel that some of the Professor's reasoning is inaccurate and, to many Christians, disturbing; but he carries through his main line of thought pretty much unbroken.

We have a great advantage over Mr. Macintosh, however, because we can see his point of view, but he can't see ours—we know the value of his method, but to him ours would seem quite inconsequential.

The Reasonableness of Christianity is excellent mental training. It is not a book to be read through at a sitting. As to its value in making the Founder of Christianity a *living* figure, one with whom we can feel the least kinship, someone whom we strive to emulate,—the heart of the Christian devotee is not kindled by any such method; he is not concerned with "reasonableness." Why should he care to *know* when he is constantly striving to *be*? M. K.

The British Empire, A Study in Colonial Geography, by Albert de Mangeon. Translated by Ernest P. Row. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. Price, Cloth, \$2.50, through The Theosophical Press.

Albert de Mangeon, author of *The British Empire*, is Professor of Geography at the Sorbonne, and his book is considered a standard work on the subject, being broadly based on the geographical influences that have led to the absorption of nearly half of the earth's surface under one flag.

What Professor de Mangeon has done is to give us a picture, through this study of *The British Empire*, of the colonizing spirit in action; for ". . . no other subject yields richer or fuller material for the study of colonial geography, properly understood as an independent branch of knowledge. It is no part of our business to tell the story of colonial conquests, which is the affair of the historian; or to describe the countries themselves, which is a matter of regional geography. Our main object is to study the effects arising from the contact between the two types of peoples who are called upon to associate with each other in a colony: the one civilized, well-provided with capital and material goods, in search of wealth, thoroughly mobile, and alive to the spirit of enterprise and adventure, the strange and the unknown; the other isolated and self-centered, faithful to its ancient modes of living, with a limited outlook, and ill-equipped with weapons and tools. . . . We propose to show, therefore, within the broad framework, as it were, of human geography, how a group of men has succeeded in setting to work its faculties of invention, adaptation, acclimatization, and propagation in a very peculiar and very varied sphere of action."

Notice the contrast he gives between the two types of peoples who are called upon to associate with each other in a colony, and you begin to see how the stage is all set for one of the most fascinating and absorbing of dramas.

It is fascinating to the student of world affairs, to the one interested in "human geography"; but how much more will it mean to the Theosophist, who sees how this great drama works out the plan of that mighty Lawgiver, our Manu, whose purpose is being made real, while utilizing the various motives of each of His nations.

There is the set of circumstances that brought India and the British Empire together. Certainly there was no altruism towards India that caused the Empire to take it in—not to its bosom but

rather under its feet! Still, at the same time, from one point of view, it was productive of good to India, in that it caused her "from contact with her masters, to *know herself* through opposing them."

So with the other colonies which the British Empire has either exploited or settled.

This *Study in Colonial Geography* is really a great book for Theosophists. We are, many of us, quite apt to be much more absorbed in the geography (regional and human!) of the astral or mental plane, and are not so interested in this great stage of the physical, where the Plan is being worked out in such a fascinating way.

Whether one always agrees with Professor de Mangeon's conclusions is quite beside the point. Naturally, his viewpoint and that of Dr. Besant could not be always alike.

We need to read a book like *The British Empire* in order to appreciate something of the part the Empire has played. We will understand just a little more why Dr. Besant is so concerned with India remaining in that Empire — on whose flag the sun never sets!

M. K.

NOTICE

The March issue of THE MESSENGER has been exhausted. Copies of it, not needed by our members, will be greatly appreciated. They should be mailed to Maude N. Couch, Secretary-Treasurer, 826 Oakdale Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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— ORLINE BARNETT MOORE, in *Birmingham News*.

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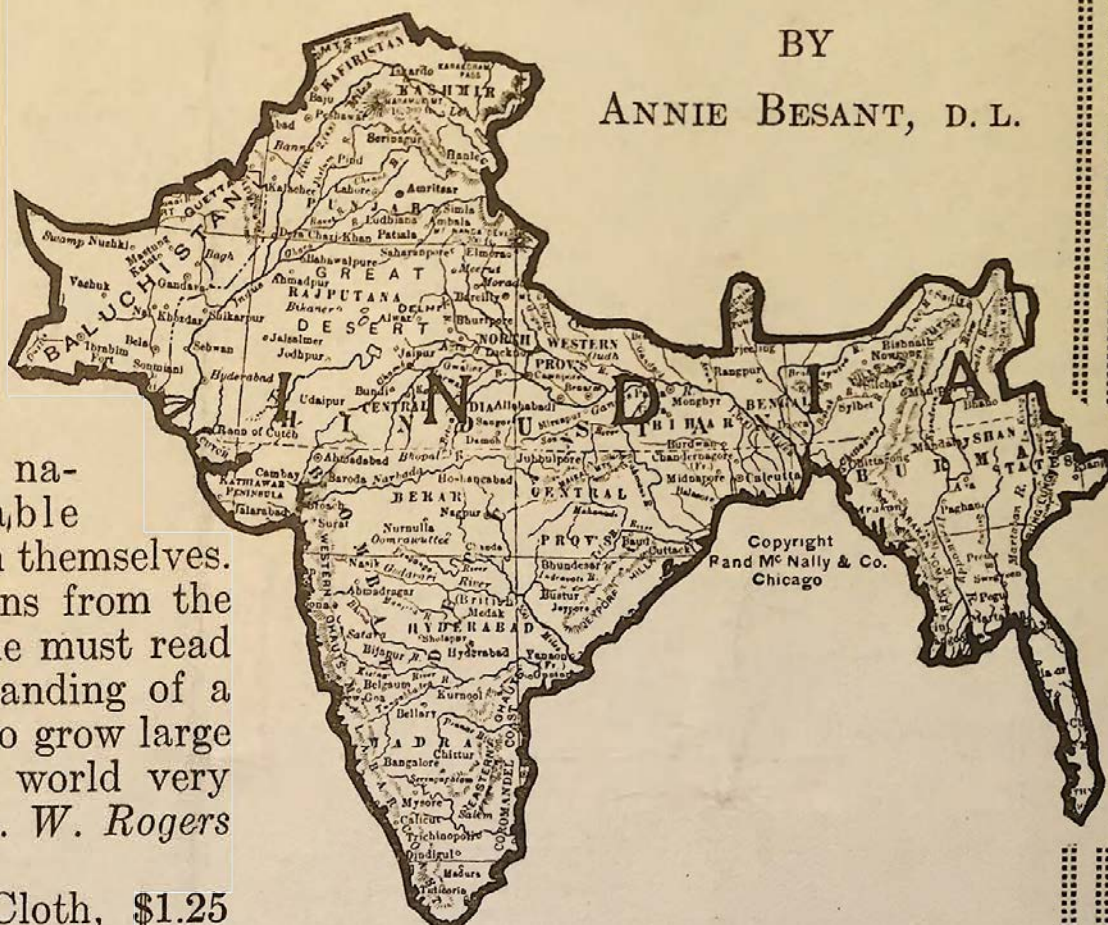
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